

# Promotion Ballads



H. M. NELSON

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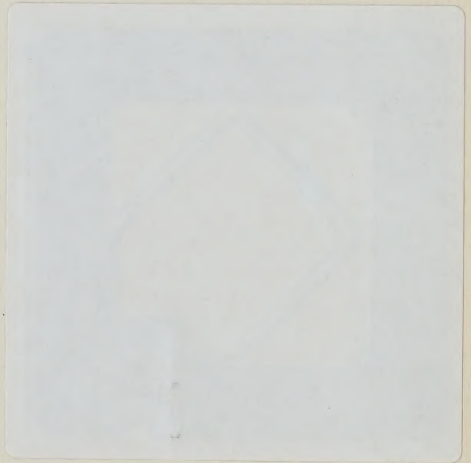
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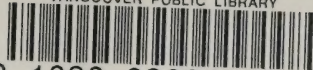
The Librarian,  
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Dear Sir,

I beg to drop a line and ask that you place on your shelves a new book that will be sent shortly by the publishers. I am the author of the book entitled "Promotion Ballads" and am desirous of having a copy presented to the library. These ballads were prepared in the Cobalt district of New Ontario and describe the days of easy fortunes and mostly are about dreamers, confidence-men and get-rich-quickly schemes so that they are of a humorous

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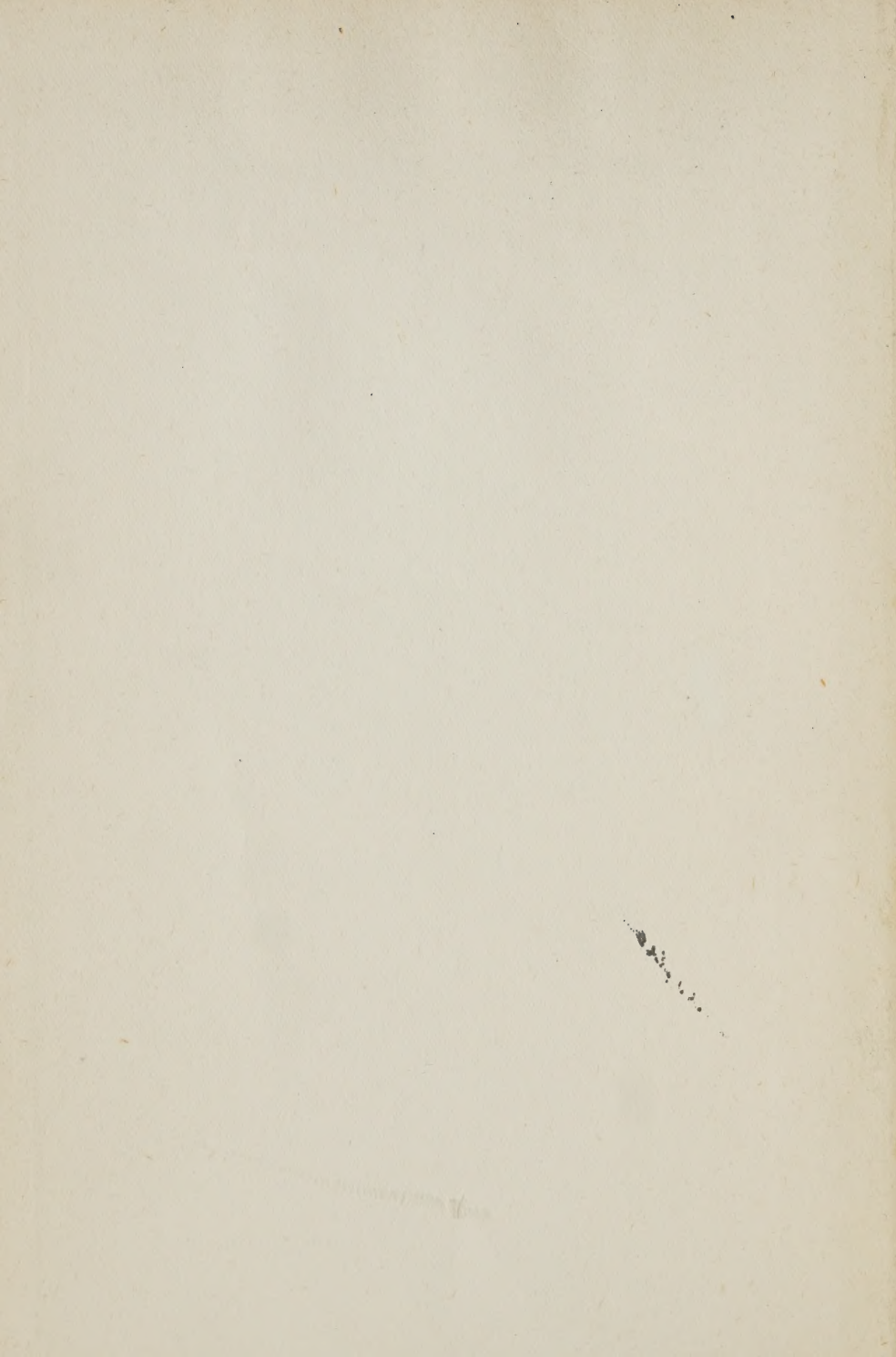
nature and the book is becoming popular in many libraries. I would consider it a favor if you will place it where it may have a circulation with other volumes of light verse.

There is a party in Vancouver at present who was with me in New Ontario and he may call to see how you regard the writings and the possibility of the book's circulation.

On receiving the volume you might drop me a line to above address.

Yours very truly  
H.M. Nelson





# Promotion Ballads

AND OTHERS ABOUT THE  
INVINCIBLE NOTHING

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SECOND AND REVISED EDITION

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Published by

**H. M. NELSON**

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**WILLIAM BRIGGS**

**TORONTO**

1915

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821  
N42P

WILSON  
36  
VIA RAIL COLLEGE


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by H. M. NELSON.



TO  
THE MEMBERS  
OF THE  
FRATERNITY OF TAURUS  
THIS VOLUME  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

79545



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## CONTENTS

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| INTRODUCTION - - - - -  | 7    |
| Should you ask me whence these stories.                                 |      |
| THE WILDCAT PROSPECTUS - - - - -  | 17   |
| The gilt-edged Nothing.   |      |
| THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS - - - - -                                      | 18   |
| Out in the part called the Hesperides, where the<br>golden lemons grow, |      |
| THE RESIDENT ENGINEER - - - - -   | 22   |
| There was an old Indian dame.   |      |
| MOUNTAIN STREAM - - - - -   | 24   |
| There's a plunge of mighty waters down and out-<br>ward to the sea,     |      |
| THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL - - - - -                                  | 27   |
| There was a young fellow named Sprocket.                                |      |
| THE ROCK EXPERT - - - - -   | 31   |
| They sent a student to the camp.  |      |
| THE COUNTERFEITER - - - - -   | 34   |
| Back from a point of shelving shore.                                    |      |
| THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE - - - - -                                   | 36   |
| 'Twas in the golden country in the very dawn of<br>spring.              |      |
| LIMITED RUBIES - - - - -  | 40   |
| A scintillating gem we see.   |      |
| THE INVESTIGATION - - - - -   | 42   |
| The ones who had bought it at ten cents per block.                      |      |
| AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO - - - - -                                 | 45   |
| Now the New Year reviving last Year's Hire.                             |      |



## CONTENTS

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| \$UCCESS - - - - -  | 50   |
| The Snake at dawn had drunk his fill.                             |      |
| WINDY - - - - -   | 56   |
| Windy was a dreamer.  |      |
| THE INVENTOR - - - - -  | 58   |
| Down beside the portage there was a cabin old,                    |      |
| LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL - - - - -                                  | 62   |
| His dreams were full of meaning and his life was<br>full of hope. |      |
| A RADIUM BOUNTY - - - - -   | 67   |
| Fifty thousand dollars and expenses all the way.                  |      |
| CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX - - - - -                                   | 69   |
| If they say the lode is half a mile wide.                         |      |
| FRIENDZIED FINANCE - - - - -                                      | 74   |
| From highballs to three golden balls, his record in<br>two years. |      |
| THE STAR WORSHIPPERS - - - - -                                    | 77   |
| Beneath a dome of solid blue and towering into<br>space.          |      |
| LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK - - - - -                               | 81   |
| A man went out where the bull-moose calls.                        |      |
| ODE TO A NUT - - - - -  | 84   |
| Oh! hazel bough shading the source of springs.                    |      |
| REQUIESCAT IN PACE - - - - -                                      | 86   |
| In later years I passed along the trail of bygone<br>days.        |      |
| THE CON'S CONFESSION - - - - -                                    | 89   |
| We earned no living, just came to secure.                         |      |
| TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION - - - - -                             | 92   |
| There was a young fellow named Wooster.                           |      |

## INTRODUCTION

### SOMEWHAT AFTER HIAWATHA

SHOULD you ask me whence these stories,  
Whence these legends and traditions  
With the odor of the muskeg,  
With the dew and damp of rainstorms,  
With the curling smoke of bushfires,  
With the rushing of prospectors  
And their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild prevarications  
Of the gold beneath the mountains.

I should worry, I should tell you  
To the forests and the ridges,  
To the blue lakes of the Northland,  
Came some of a tribe of Hotairs,  
Came some Coldfeet and Dreamers,  
Came some Pawnees and some Tinhorns,  
Came some Bustunbrokes and Bohunks,  
Some who tried to get rich quickly  
With inevitable experts  
And their metamorphic theories,  
And their wild prevarications.

## INTRODUCTION

All these tribes were scratching, searching  
In the mountains of the Northland  
For its gold and for its silver  
Down the slopes and in the valleys,  
By the rushing of great rivers,  
In the shadows of the forest,  
By the melancholy muskegs,  
Out the rocky point and backwards.

Should you ask me where I found them,  
Found these tales so wild and wayward,  
In the Bird's nest in the forest,  
In the lodges of big schemers,  
In the hoof-print of the con man,  
In the eyrie of detectives,  
On the trail of bank fund artists,  
In log ruins in the valley,  
From the man who kept the blind pig,  
From the defunct grocery merchant,  
In the cabins of fire rangers,  
From the factor and his traders,  
In the long grass 'round the smelter  
With its old reverberatories  
Rusting, sliding down the grade line  
And the myth reduction process  
That reduced some family fortune.

In the days of great explorers,  
Searching through the wilder regions



## INTRODUCTION

In a never heard of country,  
Through interminable forests,  
By the rushing of great rivers,  
Came a party paddling shoreward  
Where the rolling waves were washing  
On the shingle and the sandbar,  
When the sandy point was rounded  
Came upon an Indian village  
Nestled in amongst the cedars;  
And 'twas there they heard traditions  
From an old chief, and he showed them  
On a crag above the fir trees  
A great country, lake, rock, forest,  
Rolling to the blue horizon,  
Carved out in the Great Ice Ages.  
Then he told them of the treasures  
Buried in the hills and valleys;  
This was known to his people  
Long before the white man came there;  
And he showed the tribal totem  
Standing in the village centre,  
Told the meaning of the carvings  
To the top where stood a large stone,  
Formed a crown with great tradition,  
For the crown was solid silver.  
Since those days all was forgotten

## INTRODUCTION

Of the tales of buried treasure,  
Though they lumbered on the hillside,  
Cut big trees from out the forest,  
Rolled them to the foaming rapids.  
It was not until the builders  
And surveyors of the railway  
Came upon some bright new mineral  
That the new rich land was known.

You shall hear about the blacksmith,  
How he found the first big showing  
That brought the tribes of men together,  
How he threw his little hatchet  
At a cottontail and missed it,  
But scraped off a show of silver,  
Like Saul, when he searched for donkeys,  
Found instead a wondrous kingdom,  
Hence this "tail" of great adventure.

So it was the blacksmith sitting  
At his cabin door and listening  
To a rising wind at evening  
Roaring in the giant branches  
As an organ in the forest,  
Playing choir and swell together.  
'Twas the Moon of Falling Leaves when  
In the grass a rabbit rustled

## INTRODUCTION

At the borders of the forest,  
And the blacksmith, turning quietly,  
Took his hatchet up and threw it  
At the object in the grasses,  
But it clinked and rattled over  
Rock just hidden 'neath old mosses,  
Which it tore away and furrowed.  
When the blacksmith turned to get it  
There appeared a bright new something  
That reflected in the moonlight,  
And he bent the leaves of silver  
From their ancient rocky bedding,  
Made a chain of heavy nuggets,  
Piled the moss around to hide it,  
Claimed the land and had it surveyed.  
Called his many friends together,  
Then they started all a-searching,  
While the blacksmith met with others  
Who had seen the wondrous values  
In the claim, and then he sold it.

Straightway when he got his fortune  
There began a celebration,  
Night and day the feasting lasted,  
Three whole days and nights alternate  
This great founder knew of nothing,  
But had visions wild and splendid—



## INTRODUCTION

Thought the railroad track was coiling  
'Round him like a monster serpent,  
Also thought the fossil mammoth  
Chased him up and down a glacier;  
And they dosed him with the bromides,  
But their all combined assistance  
Could not stop the boat from rocking,  
Even the medicine man was puzzled.  
But at last when he recovered,  
Found himself upon an island  
With just water all around it.  
To this day he cannot tell us  
How he got onto that island,  
Furthermore he cannot tell us  
Of the passing of the fortune—  
Perhaps the will of that great spirit,  
Mitche Manito the evil.

Later on there came an expert,  
Better known as the boaster,  
He, the marvellous story-teller,  
Heard about the land of silver  
And of men who made big fortunes  
Throwing hatchets round about them;  
All he had to do was go there,  
Get some inside information,  
Find the ore where'er he wanted,

## INTRODUCTION

Strip the moss in all directions,  
Hold the claims for highest bidders,  
Swagger 'round with all the big men.  
He could raise great sums of money,  
He it was who knew that country  
Right up to the Arctic Circle,  
And had been through many regions  
That no white man ever heard of;  
And it happened through some spirit  
This great boaster, knowing all lands,  
Lost himself within the forest.

Straightway he began to signal,  
Set afire a ridge of tall trees,  
That some distant forest ranger  
Might take note and call out others.

Suddenly the village people  
Camping all along the river,  
Saw a fire break out behind them,  
Saw a smoke that cast a shadow,  
And they thought of tents and cabins  
Scattered all around the townsite.  
Off they went to stop the bushfire  
Which had started in the outskirts,  
And they came upon a wild man  
Lost and lighting fires for signals  
To some distant ranger's cabin.

## INTRODUCTION

So it was they found the boaster  
In a little patch of bushes  
At the edges of the townsite.

In the days of northern wonders,  
In the palmy days that followed,  
A financial corporation  
Called its chiefs and men together,  
Brought directorate to council,  
Came with all their plumes and feathers,  
Right up to the land of Ophir.  
Sat out as the breeze of morning  
Played amongst the spruce and cedar  
And the palisades of pine trees,  
And they curved around the rock cuts,  
Past blue lakes and wooded islands,  
Tents and cabins of prospectors,  
And where booms of logs were gathered  
In the expanse below the rapids.  
Then they reached the land of riches,  
Went around amongst the wonders,  
Heard great sayings of the future.  
Then they met a man who drew them  
With a wondrous proposition;  
He had claimed an indication  
And was out to get a buyer.  
So the men with plumes and feathers



## INTRODUCTION

Bought the mineral indication  
Through reports by neo-experts;  
Paid a little sum of money  
And much paper to the owner;  
Then while all was booming loudly  
Went back to the council chamber,  
Formed a company to develop.

As they were the present owners  
Of the mineral indication,  
To the company they sold it,  
Paid themselves a quarter million,  
All of money and no paper,  
Which was borrowed by the sellers  
From the financial corporation,  
And 'twas they who had its trust funds  
And they were the corporation.  
Hence unto themselves they sold what  
Was their own and double dealt it;  
'Tis an ancient, honored custom.

Now had come the time for milking,  
But there was the intrinsic value  
Of the mineral indication.  
Ere desired manipulation  
And intended underwriting  
Came a shortage in the audits

## INTRODUCTION

Of the financial corporation.  
May have been some more of Mitche.  
Then the men with plumes and feathers  
One by one they started touring,  
Each has had his trip extended,  
And were scattered to the four winds,  
Underneath the star of evening.

Ye who love to get rich quickly  
And who love the vaults of Nature  
With their gold and with their silver,  
And free lunches, served to-morrow,  
By the easy watercourses  
Come up to this Northern lakeland,  
Camp in someone's old log cabins,  
Have the sun shine through the cedars;  
Take the summer treasure-hunting;  
Choose a good site for the smelter;  
Be a winner 'mongst the thousands.  
Then return with Nature's rake-off  
To the sphere of Idle Classes,  
To the stewardship of the Blessed.

## THE WILDCAT PROSPECTUS

THE gilt-edged Nothing,  
Tied with golden cord;  
That country rock, its depth,  
And all about its hoard.

The eucharistic codex  
Of non-committant lies,  
The Korân of the widow,  
The sucker's Paradise.

## THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

OUT in the part called the Hesperides, where the  
golden lemons grow,  
A lot of claims were bought and sold with merely  
a sulphide show.  
It's boom was one of the loudest. That's where  
that big rush went,  
Right in line with the Taurus Mine was half a  
million spent.

The hanging wall was granite, with tons of ore  
in sight.  
All the rest of the country-rock was an acid  
porphyrite  
With a tilting that hints at enrichment, glaci-  
ated, and what is more,  
The veins went right to the cellar through the  
Keewatin floor.

## THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Two cons were landed on those shores, but far  
apart. 'Tis said

They looked it over separately and talked it o'er  
in bed.

Assays were high on the surface, higher the con-  
centrates,

With a large per cent. of extraction on all the  
amalgam plates.

With finest feathers one of the cons walked into  
the owner's rooms;

The place was full of scheming men, of fine cigars  
and their fumes.

The manager saw right away he was up against  
a real mountaineer;

When it came to the data *re* the rocks he called  
in the engineer.

Well, that con he bought the mine outright and  
paid a thousand down;

That pal of his was meeting men at the best hotel  
in town.

When it was noised amongst the hills that the  
Taurus had been sold,

All of the other properties began to get signs of  
gold.



## THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Then that pal he bid on the Taurus, too, which  
    meant a bigger sale.  
Wires were hot to the outer world, traffic was  
    good on the trail;  
The owners got a tip somewhere that Fortune  
    was throwing a sign,  
Offered extra thousands to get back the Taurus  
    Mine.

Then a deal was on to freeze out the con, and the  
    extra thousands he got  
Also turned over something on a fraction adjoining  
    the lot.  
'Twas time to migrate to pastures new, there was  
    nothing left to hock.  
All was complete, and that pal of his winked  
    from behind a rock.

The owners were waiting upon that pal, refusing  
    big offers by wire,  
But later they found he was out in the bush, and  
    there got chased by a fire.  
The only way was the tie camps out on the west-  
    ern trail,  
And thence in by the logging chutes on the gaso-  
    line with the mail.

## THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Many besides the owners came through the  
effects of that rush.

Neither the seller nor buyer have been seen any-  
where in the bush.

Though one man heard from the porter who went  
out on a southbound train,

That someone on his car had thousands while  
squaring up the gain.

## THE RESIDENT ENGINEER

THERE was an old Indian dame,  
A squaw who was "Tied Bull" by name,  
    Made good use of her time  
    And had managed to climb  
To the heights of real yarn-telling fame.

She told this one about a young beaver  
To each tenderfoot who'd believe her;  
    The town'd a been wrecked  
    But for its intellect  
In a stunt it pulled off up the reever.

The beaver on its estimation  
Built a dam at a high elevation;  
    Here the town got its power  
    By the kilowatt-hour,  
With a flume to the high pressure station.

'Twas the Moon of Bright Nights or about then  
A spring flood got up in the mountain,  
    The worst in some years  
    And tall were the fears  
When it burst all around like a fountain.

## THE RESIDENT ENGINEER

It washed down a camp and its drive  
Of big timber, two thousand to five,  
    Where the beaver dammed bogs  
    Water rose, and the logs  
By the hundreds began to arrive.

'Twas readily seen from the first  
If those logs rushed the dam it would burst,  
    The town and its all  
    Would go straight to the wall;  
Then the beaver prepared for the worst.

He went down the chutes for a surf ride,  
When along came a sort of a neap tide;  
    He made the logs jam  
    Miles away from the dam,  
And diverted the flood to the seaside.

## MOUNTAIN STREAM

THERE'S a plunge of mighty waters down and  
outward to the sea,  
Washing all the sands of ages with the golden  
dust left free,  
Which piles all up along the banks for an eter-  
nity.

It comes from heights where glaciers pile mor-  
aines up here and there,  
All down through dark pine ridges, shooting  
spray darts at the air,  
Far below to misty valleys with the wildwood  
everywhere.

It thunders in the forest and it echoes in the wild,  
Where it drops with foam on cold, dark stone  
beneath, eternal piled,  
Then dips and falls to cañon walls, by ancient  
strata tiled.



## MOUNTAIN STREAM

Such was the confidential stuff from the man  
    who lost his all  
In an upper bunk near the rafters in the moun-  
    tain cabin hall,  
With the moonshine in a syrup tin and totems on  
    the wall.

And few there were with fine cigars who talked  
    into the nights,  
Then bursting with some splendor came the  
    sweeping northern lights,  
And all would hear the latest dreams inspired by  
    mystic sights.

He charmed with tales of moonlit trails and  
    lands of midnight sun.  
How he went bust through wanderlust until he  
    struck this one,  
Where the heavy concentrates in deep rock ripples  
    run.

'Twas shown him by an Indian chief, Old Pie  
    Face was his name.  
They knew of gold in wealth untold before the  
    paleface came,  
Along this stream the yellow gleam traced out  
    the road to Fame.

## MOUNTAIN STREAM

By day he led them on to where they sought the  
golden bars,  
As damp night drew across the sky they camped  
beneath the stars,  
Till they beheld the land of streams from off  
volcanic scars.

They came upon the creek and sluice where hindered currents ran;  
Here was the little black sand streak that gathered in each pan,  
And in the streaks were golden grains found by the leading man.

He sheldonized into the wilds the day the claim was sold;  
Two engineers who gave good steers had an instrument which told  
That each and every tiny grain was simply dentist's gold.

## THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

THERE was a young fellow named Sprocket  
Who went up in the air like a rocket  
    When he found a good lead.  
    But it all went to seed—  
He came down with his hands in his pockets.

---

With full-blown tie and panama and an actress  
    not so slow  
There came a dead-line artist with a burlesque-  
    vaudeville show.  
Somebody went and told him he'd be wealthy in  
    the fall  
If he would take the summer off and pike the  
    Montreal.

## THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

The tinhorns see him coming and they get their  
samples out,  
The hasbeens know about a show on easy water  
route;  
They tell their dreams of copper streaks and  
heavy mineral zones  
To our dime musee Aladdin who is naming com-  
plex stones.

They prospected where all trails led around Gow-  
ganda's field;  
It nearly caused a separate rush what each assay  
would yield.  
He had the goods all through the woods, an  
option here and there,  
Some water-powers and townsites, and they  
called him Billionaire.

He'd a stand-in with the roulette and a big flash-  
roll unfurled,  
Just as the name of Porcupine was tearing  
'round the world,  
He got in with an engineer, a blind-pig man by  
trade;  
They staked out everything in sight to a water-  
power cascade.

## THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

It was the time when booms began, when claims  
are bought and sold.

He rolled right down to Cobalt town with a tale  
that's often told.

Some heavy swell—he took so well to an engin-  
eer's mistake,

And a broker neat from the upstairs suite in the  
roadhouse by the lake.

He gave interests for assessment work which  
stripped a lot of rock.

Then he gave an extra interest for some ever-  
ready stock.

An unforeseen depression pressed—he was losing  
in the game.

The people of the roadhouse—he assigned them  
half a claim.

They kept him till he spoiled. He knew they'd  
never get the hook.

They didn't care to let him go for fear they'd  
lose the cook;

He gave her silver bracelets and a silver nugget  
chain,

Until, between the two of them, they'd "silver"  
on the brain.



## THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

The lady of the roadhouse—she was strong on  
dollars, cents.

She used to tell her troubles through a knothole  
in the fence—

“He must be going puggle, way he talks at every  
meal,

And has the cook all going 'bout some million  
dollar deal.”

He had telegrams and offers when she'd dun him  
for the rent,

She used to raise rimwrackers, though he'd never  
raise a cent;

Sure, he couldn't buy a Silver Fizz, but took in  
every show;

You'd see him with the Painted Cheeks 'way  
down in bald head row.

At last they got him cutting wood, but ere the  
half was sawn,

One evening late he caught a freight and sat it  
up till dawn.

The people of the roadhouse—they got there just  
the same;

They're in the lumber business from the timber  
off the claim.

## THE ROCK EXPERT

THEY sent a student to the camp,  
And he was textbook wise;  
He had six corners to the names  
For rocks of any size.

He started on a gabbro,  
With a shade of blackish green;  
And showed them all a xenomorph  
Of rhombic hypersthene.

The camp was in a region  
Where the ground was all the same;  
But a lumberjack, he produced a piece  
Of a rock no one could name.

## THE ROCK EXPERT

It was a piece of set cement  
That had hardened in the bag,  
And was carefully chipped all 'round to clear  
The impression of the rag.

'Twas pronounced a fine-grained trachyte,  
Had triclinic plagioclase,  
A transition through to rhyolite,  
With ferro-magnesian base.

But he's a bearded expert now,  
And didn't do a thing  
When he came back to this country;  
Put the "nip" in Nipissing.

And also he's the one who put  
The "phone" in phonolite,  
And discovered incidentally  
Another sylvanite.

Then borrowed without license,  
By a very crooked track,  
The Breyfogle from Nevada,  
But had to put it back.

## THE ROCK EXPERT

He told of rare and valued ores  
In the hills that stretched away;  
There was many a show in the great plateau  
That took in Hudson Bay.

To many he's a genius,  
And he may look well in frills;  
But the species is quite common,  
And its habitat the hills.

## THE COUNTERFEITER

BACK from a point of shelving shore  
He ran a mint like the one before;  
Some old log ruins piled in the grass;  
And the trail, it took a mountain pass.

Coins were made to order there  
And hidden under a barrel chair.  
Every time I called around  
He'd dimes and quarters by the pound.

On the side he ran a little shop  
Where certain travellers used to stop.  
'Twas here he carried on a trade  
For large assortments of highgrade.

And this he then would melt and mould  
Into the specie that he sold.  
Each coin he cast was above its par,  
So I melted them back to a silver bar.



## THE COUNTERFEITER

Each half dollar had no fewer  
Than sixty cents in silver pure.  
For quarters thirty cents or so,  
Dimes in similar ratio.

For years he carried on this trade.  
I got the rake-off on each coin made.  
Few money-changers ever knew  
Such interest as this did accrue.

One day while trying new alloys  
It is supposed he smelt a noise—  
A broken crucible in the grass,  
And in the sunset yawned the pass.

“Something for nothing.” His policy  
Others tried the same as he.  
Everyone who played this rôle  
Came out away deep in the hole.

Many go through life by wits,  
The world is full of counterfeits.  
Some go through the pen, and hence  
Their quarters cost them thirty cents.

## THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

'TWAS in the golden country in the very dawn of  
spring,  
In blew an old prospector who promotion songs  
did sing.  
He sought the best of experts, as few engineers  
could tell  
A certain piece of ore he had, yet which he knew  
quite well.

He was from the western regions where he'd  
landed deep in need,  
Out there in the sluicing business, followed fool  
on fool stampede.  
This time he had it all his own, a way to get in  
right,  
So sat around hotels and showed a piece of syl-  
vanite.

## THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

And when they gazed in wonder on this novel,  
showcase ore,  
He claimed that it would assay to ten per cent.  
or more;  
Then raked in all the options on a claim he nearly  
sold,  
Where dipped a vein of sylvanite, a telluride of  
gold.

Then he was hounded all around, and he was  
wined and dined.  
Came two silver-throated buyers who determined  
on this find.  
Some who had tried to jump his claims had other  
stunts in view;  
He let them have the option and then all the  
payments drew.

He hinted at the perfect ease with which he  
washed and vanned  
In beds of creeks where colored streaks were  
traced amongst the sand,  
And about deep-seated stringers where the light  
and dark rocks change,  
They'd find the stuff on any bluff behind the  
Dogwood Range.

## THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

Inevitable was a rush, and merchants set about  
To do a rushing business. Cleaned their ancient  
stocks right out.

The run was more on camping goods, on flour,  
old stocks of cans,

Canoes were at a premium, bacon, beans and fry-  
ing-pans.

From the blue hills of Temiskaming prospectors  
head the rush,

By nameless lakes and rivers, o'er the muskeg,  
through the slush.

Tellurides are all the rage, they seek the basic  
sills

That contact with the quartzites in the nowhere  
Dogwood Hills.

From the snows deep in the valley to the highest  
mountain pines,

Discovery posts are lining up along the trail of  
finds.

By fallen trees the cabins rear and tents are on  
the shore;

The campfires gleam by the deep-gorged stream  
where rapids roll and roar.

## THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

The news came back which said the lost Brey-  
fogle Mine was found.

They liked the indications so they staked for  
miles around.

Apart from tellurides they found some iron, a  
rusty red;

While all the rest that showed up best was com-  
mon stuff called lead.

'Way off in the Cordilleras the founder lands  
again;

He tells a joke where miners smoke and get real  
yellow grain.

He got an eastern circular, and lo! in headlines  
bold—

“The country has another wealth. Unknown ore  
of gold.”

## LIMITED RUBIES

A SCINTILLATING gem we see  
About a sojourn in the hills,  
And also of a type that fills  
A precious metal country.

He came away up to these wilds  
'Cause someone said 'twas awful rich,  
That he his future jobs could ditch;  
Fortunes were worn in many styles.

The veins, they whisper, blindly run;  
In fact they're faulted in the rocks.  
That's why he gave the place such knocks,  
'Twas mostly traces to the ton.

One day the silver cord did break.  
A pal sneaked out the old suit-case  
And met him at the time, the place;  
Helped him a hurried exit make.



## LIMITED RUBIES

So he migrated further on  
Amongst corundum syenite,  
And said he spotted rubies bright.  
'Twas here he crossed his Rubicon.

Then came some old hands at the game;  
'Twas put upon the foreign bourse,  
'Twas common garnet and, of course,  
The country's got another name.

The jewellers use this little clause:  
"No trouble should their brow adorn  
If they this gleaming gem have worn."  
'Twould seem the founder's birthday was

In July, when some bright stars shine,  
But when the stones were just as good  
As the true Burmese "pigeon blood."  
Sure he was born 'neath April's sign.

All the world loves a winner. And  
It loves a faker just as well.  
Again the same old world would swell  
The syndicate that played his hand.

## THE INVESTIGATION

THE ones who had bought it at ten cents per block  
Were lately regaled with "Discovery of Rock."

They were working together and making a kick,  
When they heard nothing more of the first golden  
brick.

'Twas the directorate first, but now it appears  
They are shoving the blame on the engineers.

It must have been rich when 'twas right in a line,  
Just fifty miles off from the Hollinger Mine.

No mention was made in the yearly report  
Of the place turning into a summer resort.

In order to get at the facts of the case  
Some parties went in and inspected the place.

## THE INVESTIGATION

When they came to the mill it surprised them to  
find

A gyrating smokestack propelled by the wind.

A lot of old tailings formed into a crust  
With a vanner and stamps decorated in rust.

And this, that, those, these, and the rest went to  
show

That the place was abandoned some ages ago.

And they found right away that the best of the  
camps

Were now the abode of some tin horns and tramps

Who had made alterations for running a "pig,"  
With the merchandise hid in a gravity jig.

The property failed and its chances were thin  
Until the blind pig and successors moved in.

A tin of tobacco was easy to trade,  
Or anything else for a piece of highgrade.

They met a promoter all ready to start,  
With a sack of rich ore to display on the mart.

## THE INVESTIGATION

They have covered the ground and report having  
seen

The dip and the strike where the vein should have  
been.

They appointed receivers. Have sold all the  
wood.

Machinery's for sale, and it's nearly all good.

They have found out a lot that they don't want to  
know;

But where did the company's president go?

## AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Now the New Year reviving last Year's Hire,  
The thoughtful Hasbeen takes another Flier,  
Where the LEFT HAND OF FORTUNE  
throws the Cow,  
Puts out and sets a Wilderness afire.

Here with the Highgrade buried 'neath the  
Bough,  
A case of Ale, another Rush and Thou  
Beside me scheming in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness beats Paradise enow.

## AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Waste not your Flour all in a vein Pursuit,  
And this and that Recorder don't dispute;  
Better be jocund with the Engineers  
Than live on Wind and desiccated Fruit.

Come, fill the Sack and by the Dust of Spring  
Another new promotion Song we sing :  
The Silver Bird had such an easy Way  
To fly—and lo! a Bird is just the Thing.

So come with old K. M. and jump the Lot,  
One tenth is Ore and all the rest is Rot!  
Let the Provincial G. report the Depth,  
Or Students start a Theory—Heed them not.



## AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

The Claims are rich in Nickel's tender Green.  
And farmer's Banks can stand a Limousine;  
    But heavy on it lightly, for who knows  
What Keeley Cure may touch a Spring unseen.

And those who husbanded the golden Grain,  
And those who had their life Investments ta'en,  
    To meet the worldly Hopes of aureate Earth,  
Are down and out and filling up the Drain.

Listen again. One Evening near the Close  
Of a great big Deal, ere another Winter froze,  
    Into an assay Shop he crawled alone  
And switched rich umpire Samples in the Rows.

## AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

The moving Faker writes, but ere a Writ  
Moves on, nor all your Lawyer's subtle Wit  
    Shall work the Stitch in time to save the Nine.  
Nor longer shall the Dividends remit.

They say the Tinhorns and the Hobos keep  
A Tavern in the abandoned Camps and reap;  
    Where some Promoter, down and out the Pass,  
Stamps Ore, then puts the sinking Fund down  
    deep.

The Situation's cleared of any Snare,  
The Dollars are worth Ninety Cents a Pair,  
    So not a true Believer passing Notes  
Should get Depreciation unaware.

## AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

And if the silver Mines where Rubes invest  
End in the Nothing all Fakes end in, Yes;  
    Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave it. Sure  
Some have the Nothing, Thou must have the  
    Rest.

The President has gone with all he owes,  
And Syndicates, et al, where no one knows;  
    Still some Corundum Rock its Ruby yields,  
And still a Broker in his Office blows.

Ah, Moon and Moonshine! Long shall there  
    remain  
A Part of Silverland out near Lorrain:  
    How oft hereafter buying shall they look  
Through this same Region after one big Vein?

## \$UCCESS

THE Snake at dawn had drunk his fill  
And later took a sleeping pill.  
His roadhouse in the mountain glade  
Is where this novel scene is laid.  
The eastern sky was growing red  
When all the guests got into bed,  
While through the mists across the bay  
A swift canoe had made its way.  
Nobody knew how they'd been shorn,  
Oh! what a difference in the morn.

Now James the Snake in his cabin hold  
Stored up much silver and some gold;  
There were nuggets coarse to nuggets fine,  
With ruby silver deep as wine,  
For which he traded off his goods  
To many people of the woods.  
He took on deals, tried many claims,  
But never rich got brother James.  
He might have been a wealthy man  
In early days when he began,  
But just as he was almost there  
Away he'd go upon a tear.

## \$UCCESS

He ran a blind-pig near the town,  
Financed a dance-hall almost down,  
Was also called the Terrible Turk  
By residents of Rottenburg.  
So James was known throughout the land;  
He was as wild as Oscar, and  
Was into every dive and den,  
A dance-hall scandal now and then,  
Most moonshine revels, stolen booze,  
Rushed skirts with diamond-mounted shoes.  
There were two people, James the Snake  
And Painted Lady of the Lake,  
And if they ever mentioned names  
Included . . . was fusser James.

It seems they gave a dance that night  
To which there came an old stage fright,  
A crooked actor, and 'twas he  
Who stood in well with cook Marie.  
When in the cellar after wine  
He came upon Jim's nugget line,  
And after all were full of dope,  
He made his rounds as soft as soap.  
Jim's friend, the yellow journalist,  
Was first to find what all was missed.  
They went for James, who found he'd laid  
Behind the barrels in the shed

## \$UCCESS

All night, and then a chase began  
To catch that cook and highgrade man.  
Of the nuggets they picked up two or three  
In the wake of the minus Sweet Marie.  
He lost in nearly all his games;  
“Set back once more,” quoth gambler James.

The others went and left to mend  
Jim and his journalistic friend;  
Around the campfire on the sand  
They sat and other business planned.  
The journalist thought if anything  
He'd go right back to publishing,  
At which he was an old hasbeen,  
And once had run a magazine.  
'Twas his intention to create  
A novel printing syndicate;  
He'd run some yellow journals well,  
Could make a yellow novel sell,  
Certain hygienic books are sure,  
Swift going, current literature;  
Also was commercially wise  
Of how it pays to advertise.  
Being a good promoter he  
Put through the deal quite readily;  
They found that chances round them swarmed,  
And so the syndicate was formed



## \$UCCESS

Where James is hereinafter called  
The Author, and got well installed,  
And with the journalistic aid  
A clever, wild romance was made,  
To switch to Fortune's golden gleam  
Chose social evils for the theme;  
From close observances he took  
A great idea for the book.  
Quick-change artist now he poses,  
Something of a moral Moses,  
So well ordained for leading us  
From out the Social wilderness.  
The journalist he had to laugh  
At Jim's first uncouth pornograph;  
He put the softest pedal down  
And held it there and changed the sound,  
Wrote in such passages as lent  
Psychology and sentiment  
To catch the reader, took a care  
To hide a certain moral there;  
Descriptive James made no mistake  
Of Painted Lady of the Lake,  
Her attributes, some items more,  
'Twas hobohemian to be sure.  
The book was printed, advertised,  
The edition being largest sized,

## \$UCCESS

Appeared around most everywhere;  
It held the morbid with a stare.  
'Twas nearly dramatized to stage,  
Being that year's literary rage.  
An ordinary problem play,  
It aired the vices of the day;  
Each chapter had a lot of these  
And usual inconsistencies.  
It stirred the nation, its success  
Caused divers comments in the press;  
The volume very seldom missed  
A big hit with a moralist;  
Who'd doubt its infallibilities  
Were rubbed with moral cantharides.  
It got into the library  
Of His Satanic Majesty,  
Who'd list at keyholes with a grin  
To those who read aloud within.

The syndicate began to grow,  
'Tis a closed corporation now;  
The rake-offs from the public yield  
Great thousands when the lemon's peeled.  
The roué author is retired  
From his wild life, and now admired,  
He has that certain dignity

## \$UCCESS

Success has given; also he  
And journalist have got a suite  
In exclusive part of Easy Street.  
Society has let them in,  
Around they go by limousine.  
No more James goes upon a tear,  
He's mostly under doctor's care;  
Has expert consultations. These  
Come high as engineering fees.  
At last the book had had its run,  
'Twas time to start another one  
Much like the first, a perfect dream;  
A second movement of the theme,  
Which sequel hit a faster pace,  
A libel on the human race;  
'Twas just another touch of Jim,  
The critics put it up to him;  
Knowing he could not prove it so  
He skipped and lives incognito.  
He was a winner; no one blames  
A wizard with a nerve like James.

. . . . .

The forehead is a little screen,  
So wisely placed to hide the obscene.

## WINDY

WINDY was a dreamer.  
Windy came to grief  
When he tried to sell a claim  
Upon a hungry reef.

---

A sort of depression was pressing,  
A smelter went up the spout,  
Claims of building stone went to the wall,  
Windy went down and out.

While waiting on the Great Perhaps  
He found that a drinking joint  
Had made its name and was starting up  
Out on the wooded point.

## WINDY

Then he got to agitating,  
Quoted from divers dives,  
Said that Millionism's booze  
Destroyed good human lives.

They say he's up there howling yet,  
And his propositions jar;  
But remember, this same demagogue  
Never destroyed a bar.

He advocated lots of things,  
But whenever it came about  
That they practised these, then Windy  
Was the first to ball them out.

'Twas after Windy disappeared  
Some creditors came 'round.  
They held a meeting to discuss,  
And this is what they found:

A lot of extra corkscrews;  
Quite empty were the tills,  
And underneath a secret floor  
Were seven moonshine stills.

## THE INVENTOR

DOWN beside the portage there was a cabin old,  
'Twas full of wheels and machinery junk covered  
in rust and mould.

Once the abode of a clever man with lots of time  
to fool,

But now is better known because of a human  
skull.

A stormy wind was howling, so we sought a  
screening wood;

All along in the lightning's flare could be seen  
where each ridge stood.

We dried ourselves and crawled right in, but ere  
to sleep we went

The flaps were blown loose again and that skull  
looked in the tent.

## THE INVENTOR

It said: "I've a proposition of a strictly gilt-  
edged sort,

And now am in a position to furnish a full report.  
It involves a great invention; never the world has  
seen

An appliance to run on its home-made power, a  
perpetual motion machine.

"The principle is a series of large momentum  
balls,

And two of these get lifted up at each time one of  
them falls.

It is fitted with direct drive, has planetary gears,  
And the energy of the fly-wheel has baffled all  
engineers.

"I have the financial backing of men like Car-  
negie,

And later a working interest will be sold to the  
real John D.

This is the chance of a lifetime. Come in, the  
water's fine;

Patents are canned in every land and the bulk of  
the stock is mine.



## THE INVENTOR

“ I was a super-genius, and then were the thousands spent  
To help along such a noble cause, and that’s how  
our fortunes went.  
I broke myself and family and my wife’s relations, too;  
I was patron saint of landlords whenever a bill  
fell due.

“ Then they got me in the asylum; I’d a deal on  
with the guard.  
He used to polish a plate of brass, ‘ Perpetual  
Motion Ward.’  
One slippery day I got away and through to the  
wilds I ran—  
It is not well in the puggle house to waste life’s  
useful span.”

Everywhere this genius went everything got  
queered,  
People sought another town, values disappeared.  
He was just a public charge, his debts none could  
collect,  
And now there stands a ruin of a boarding-house  
he wrecked.

## THE INVENTOR

Let they who alter natural laws always first take  
heed,

“What the first morn of Creation wrote the last  
great Dawn shall read.”

We searched around the campsite, through the  
dark woods that screened;

The skull was gone. Now wasn't that like a per-  
petual motion fiend?

## LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

His dreams were full of meaning and his life was  
full of hope,  
The same as Archimedes the time he found the  
soap.  
So he got in on the ground floor and headed off  
a boom,  
Then up the ladder of success, considering all the  
room.

Just think of what a future this northern empire  
had,  
Imagine all those boulder hills in virgin forest  
clad,  
The mighty industries to come, the lumber, pulp-  
wood, ore,  
The paper mills, its water powers and railroads  
by the score.

## LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

At a meeting of two rivers where the railway also  
came,  
Lot heard about a veteran tract and found the  
owner game.  
It formed a natural townsite which figured to  
his plan,  
Another dispensation for the benefit of man.

Lot took an option on the tract, and while the  
prospect shone,  
In payment gave the owner some factory sites  
thereon.  
Other capital was coming from a source where  
there was pull,  
But this was just a spare-rib from the confiden-  
tial bull.

They started into plotting the day the deal went  
through,  
Subdivided all directions to where the hills  
looked blue,  
Even unto distant islands where the wild fowl  
had their home,  
And rock and swamp and alkali were advertised  
as loam.

## LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

He might have had an oil scare with squirts of  
divers kinds,  
But Cretaceous shales were wanting in the older  
crystallines;  
He might have had a lot of things, but then, as  
will be seen,  
Before they got a well at all ran out of gasoline.

To keep the weeds from growing he sowed the  
streets with salt,  
And also had the avenues all surveyed for  
asphalt.  
He had bohunks building cabins on restricted  
villa plots,  
On the mountain side selected high and dry hori-  
zon lots.

He was strong on fire insurance, 'cause of bush-  
fire's midnight glare,  
Arranged with many companies to send their  
agents there.  
Having no bourse at that time, no place to buy  
and sell,  
His subsidiaries opened one within the log hotel.

## LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

They also used the basement, in which a vault  
was placed;  
It held a safe and suitcase where Lot had cold  
cash encased.  
'Twas there the hot air shooters were wont to get  
their range;  
The place was duly chosen as the future stock  
exchange.

The thing was underwritten for every slice of  
stock,  
The northern townsite company placed nearly  
every block,  
The floating population would stay a week or  
more,  
The only resident was one who took the ferry  
o'er.

There was a lady dabbler with lots of heavy  
grade;  
In the northern empire townsite she took a few  
in trade.  
Some complex complications rose and Lot was  
cornered tight,  
And as the story goes he nearly got the widow's  
might.

## LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

They looked for those developments where pulp-  
wood forests grow,  
There falls a mountain torrent, but it turns no  
wheels below.  
There is no sawmill's busy hum, no silver, cop-  
per, lead,  
And still beneath the conifers the granite hills  
are red.

There are certain veterans living who ran Lot  
out of town,  
His wife had gone ahead of him and rubbered up  
and down.

There was a money panic and a run upon the  
vault;  
They got the suitcase, which contained a pillar  
of rock salt.

## A RADIUM BOUNTY

FIFTY thousand dollars and expenses all the way,  
Was read by a man with tomato can in a maga-  
zine one day,  
To be given to the founder as a bounty and then  
some more,  
Who could get a show of pitchblende or any  
radium ore.  
The founder got particulars and a piece of heavy  
rock,  
Made it "radio-active" like the dial of the  
haunted clock  
By covering the piece of heavy stone with phos-  
phorescent paint  
Until it would show in the darkness, giving a  
glimmer faint.  
And sure enough that very night the new-found  
ore would stare  
At every corner of the room and work its ghostly  
glare,  
Like the glow of punk in the bush at dark when  
Indus sinks to sleep,  
And those who saw it marvelled as the mystic  
rays would creep.



## A RADIUM BOUNTY

He let a mystery then leak out, but did no state-  
ments make,  
Until they sought the trail he took and the rocks  
beyond the lake.  
Throughout the hills, around the chutes that  
piece of rock was known,  
Indians called it the "Demon Star," told of the  
wondrous stone;  
Pilgrims landed at the point, calling at the  
shrine,  
None would credit the story until they saw it  
shine.  
Exclusive information bids and offers fell in a  
bunch,  
Thirty day options, interests, it was a real free  
lunch,  
When suddenly big business loomed and the  
founder's fortune came  
Out of the Nothing, and his roll flashed like a  
magic flame.  
He might have applied for the bounty, too, but  
ere the thing got queered,  
Blazed like a star of the Algol type and quietly  
disappeared.

## CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

If they say the lode is half a mile wide  
It's safe to divide by ten;  
And if you are paying professional fees  
Make sure of professional men.

If they offer an hundred thousand shares  
For your name in the company,  
And then talk of wide margins of profit,  
Divide it by twenty-three.

Don't turn down good offers for your claims  
In terms of some fabulous gain;  
The man with all day and nothing to do  
Is the one who misses the train.

## CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

If you make that fortune and meet old friends,  
Don't turn up your nose and recoil;  
Remember the tallest family trees  
Have had their roots in the soil.

Climb up the ladder of success,  
Get your leg 'round the highest rung;  
What matters so long as you get there?  
Sure the widow was built to be stung.

When the way ahead becomes crooked,  
And you're cornered in the game,  
To overcome a temptation,  
Quickest way is to yield to same.

When choosing an alias  
Choose also the fastest ship;  
Nothing succeeds like success  
For the man who knows when to skip.

Cut the theories 'neath the root,  
Unless they bear the fruit sought;  
Get this, there is no lode so good  
As the one with an iron hat.

## CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

Never go doubting experts,  
It marks ignorance; anon  
You may incite the wrath of gods  
Like old Laocoön.

Always find good in the scheme of things  
And life's great mystery;  
But as long as there are ladies,  
Love all and trust nobody.

Don't persuade your lady friend  
You can make her rich in a day;  
Mostly when Fortune flatters  
She is doing it to betray.

This is a simple, natural law,  
Who hath not found it so?  
Beware of advice of youngsters;  
Old heads on young shoulders won't go.

Those who blow about "myself,"  
'Tis a kindly thing to warn,  
That people know most egotists are  
'Neath the sign of April born.

## CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

They who make hurried exits,  
Engaged on some crooked job,  
May pick and choose good company,  
'Cause the devil is no snob.

They whose fortunes are nebulous,  
With a vast gulf fixed between,  
Read up on economics  
Why a dollar bill is green.

Always remember your place in life,  
Don't swagger like a king;  
A gentleman hobo and hobo  
Sum out to the very same thing.

Sailors from Life's nursery  
Adrift on the ocean of joys,  
Should learn that empty vessels  
Are the ones that make most noise.

Sidestep society borrowers  
Who come with song and dance;  
Only paupers and parasites  
Can afford extravagance.

## CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

That star boarder who lives best  
Never a bill will meet;  
And it's he who makes eternal demands  
For concessions in his suite.

If a Dukhobor turn prudent  
And come into town in tights,  
He's taking a chance, because no man  
Has a right to all of his rights.

Should all things fail and you go to the wall,  
A thrifty loophole you'll find,  
If you write a sex drama or dance-hall sketch;  
When rehearsing pull down the blind.

## FRIENDZIED FINANCE

FROM highballs to three golden balls, his record  
in two years,  
When unto him there came a pal now also in  
arrears.  
They borrowed on their chattels and almost on  
their clothes,  
Established little I O U's as only friendship  
knows.

They imitated others, but soon 'tis found out that  
The world may love a parodist but hates a copy-  
cat;  
The same as all good fakers ere they get through  
life they see  
That Truth is asset while a lie is liability.

## FRIENDZIED FINANCE

Beneath the sign of Taurus they sat and mused  
at nights,  
They found the world is rich enough to keep its  
parasites.  
When their names were written with the never-  
will-be-misseds,  
Each turned over new leaves, each turned into  
socialists.

The neophytes could use their nerve as a divining  
rod,  
They tried to form a company and draw a padded  
wad.  
Why could they not get gold bricks from the  
heavy bullion scales?  
Why did they not own oil wells in the Ananias  
shales?

They slipped into an oil field with an anticlinal  
belt,  
Had reports by bearded experts where an indica-  
tion smelt,  
But went right up against it 'cause no oil had  
ever been  
From the Lower Mesozoic to the Upper Eocene.



## FRIENDZIED FINANCE

There was a certain rich man, and there they  
fixed their hopes,  
So hung around rotundas and smoked long  
Turkish dopes.  
He took them to his office when they boned him  
on the stair;  
With the nerve of Uncle Happy each grabbed an  
easy chair.

Satan findeth someone still for idle hands to do.  
They wanted several thousands and the oil  
would squirt right through,  
Also hinted that the world's wealth should divide  
out evenly.  
And after all the folderol the rich man turned;  
said he:

"On careful estimation it has recently been  
found,  
Thirty cents to all men were my wealth divided  
'round.  
I can finance you and your friend and oil you  
right away;  
I've an interest in young people; here's your  
thirty cents; good day."

## THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

BENEATH a dome of solid blue and towering into  
space  
There rose a sort of mesa set in a desert place,  
'Twas fluted like an organ and star-shaped at the  
base.

Amongst the talus thrown behind there ran a  
rock-cut stair,  
An old grey ruin with its towers and arches  
everywhere,  
Like some dead Sardis ghostly rose on top in  
sunset glare.

Someone explained the wall of stones, how, in  
the bygone days,  
An ancient people climbed the heights the moon  
and stars to praise;  
It was a temple of the sun where now the ruin  
lays.

## THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

Consider all the heavens. Upon that starry floor  
Are writ the golden numbers of our fortunes (if  
they're sure),  
And bright orbs influence our ways as in the  
days of yore.

And with a fine horizon about a mountain mere  
We swept around the ecliptic where skies were  
crystal clear,  
Urania showed the stars that mark the waning  
of the year.

There twinkled dim Aries that ushers in the  
Spring,  
And Auriga's great chariot was seen to curve  
and swing  
Beyond the rescuing Perseus adrift on soaring  
wing.

'Twas near the time of Capricorn, and in the  
midnight sky  
More stars came out and danced around about  
the galaxy.  
The sight of all the heavens came creeping up on  
high.

## THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

Orion with his star-gemmed belt and nebula dim  
white,  
Those wondrous beams, the silvery streams  
around the isles of light,  
Lined in the east and trailed across the solitudes  
of night.

There were the hazy Pleiades, with seven stars  
to find,  
And, like the seven sisters, their tresses all com-  
bined.  
With that queer light they formed one gem and  
mystically they shined.

Between them and Orion great Taurus made his  
way,  
His horns were tipped by two bright stars, with  
glittering gem display,  
He charged upon the hunter through drifts of  
stellar spray.

And in that constellation the scientists have  
found  
The centre of the Universe where theories  
abound,  
The sage of all the Zodiac in all its cycles round.

## THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

He is the big sign of our times, a greater one  
than Mars,

An oracle, a deity, the chief of avatars,

A sport, he shows his "V" along the Great  
White Way of stars.

I hold it truth with all the guardians of  
astrology,

From the golden age in which we live hencefor-  
ward it shall be,

We call on brilliant Taurus to guide our destiny.

## LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

A MAN went out where the bull-moose calls,  
Let his canoe go over the falls;  
Canoe, hat, coat were washed ashore,  
But the man was never heard of more.  
Under another name he lives,  
Got his insurance through relatives.

This is about a man with a hod,  
Who carried bricks for a living wad;  
He 'phoned to a place for a brick of gold  
To be sent for assay and later sold.  
The assay office received the brick,  
And the hod-man followed up his trick.  
He went and told the clerks out there  
About a big mistake somewhere.  
Of course there was, and the brick went back,  
Through his courtesy, and he took a bush track.  
Then there was offered a little wad  
For the whereabouts of the man with the hod.

One day a stranger came to the bank  
And wrote a full deposit blank;  
Put two thousand to new account,  
The next day doubled this amount,

## LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

And so on for a week or more  
Till the balance reached a thousand score.  
Nobody seemed to get him. These  
Were found to be retaining fees.  
He was a diamond expert. He  
Applied some new geology;  
Cons came in and bought up ground  
Where the same rock did abound.  
Many followed at his heels,  
He put through some heavy deals.  
The bank has the fees and some uncut stones,  
But he left with half a million bones.

A man with an inventive streak  
Sowed gold dust along a creek.  
He let the news get through the bush,  
And tried to cause a placer rush.  
He started panning. We are told  
He was the only one to find the gold.  
He recovered his dust and away he rowed,  
All he reaped was what he sowed.

A Venice merchant holding a claim  
Tried to start the arson game,  
Arranged touch-offs in coal-oil tins  
To cover multitudes of sins.  
The thing was staged with straw and chairs,  
With Wun Lung's laundry shop upstairs.

## LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

When the smoke began to roll,  
Wun upset tubs down the stovepipe hole.  
The fire went broke and the salvage corps  
All got in on the ground floor.  
Ere the insurance could be drawn  
The owner had to leap like a fawn.

A company that formed again  
Asked the president to buy a big vein.  
When he saw the size of the gash  
He lent them some of their own cash.

A fellow had a site on a hill  
To set a concentrating mill.  
It's a fright what that guy could afford,  
He owed six hundred bones for board.

There was another funny case,  
A young man right in diabase.  
An expert said the ore was there—  
Two months to be a millionaire.

Another, hearing of the wealth,  
Jumped a job for the good of his health;  
Followed the laws of nature, then  
Like water found his level again.

A prodigal born 'neath a lucky star,  
Brought in his friends per private car.  
He went on thus till he went behind;  
Now he's the "see me to-morrow" kind.



## ODE TO A NUT

OH! hazel bough shading the source of springs,  
Where grows the little nut in clusters gay,  
Thy home is in the vale or mountain way,  
Near walls of basalt where the deep moss clings.  
What a pure life amongst the mountain rose,  
Or near a violet bank in some smooth dell,  
What wondrous natural history could'st thou  
tell  
Or Earth's great secrets where the garden blows.

It happened 'neath that very bough reclined,  
Like Pan upon the hills, a man,  
With special look and all the rips of Van,  
Knowing the fruits yet careless of mankind,  
And seeking in the leaves the kernel shape,  
Ate for a living, slept where soft winds blow,  
Found everything provided, bid me know  
That he was jocund with the fruitful Grape.

## ODE TO A NUT

Nature in all her branches, that he loved  
And lived so undefiled, an ideal life,  
Scorning the riches, knew no worldly strife,  
The following he claimed was easily proved;  
He never knew the wickedness of man  
From sermons in the stones, from tongues in  
trees,  
From wildwood echoes or the mountain breeze,  
Nor traced the vices where the violets ran.

And as he mused about the little nut  
He found no wrong or evil hidden there,  
So queer because it's mostly everywhere.  
And based on his researches it seems that  
Most good is simply here on approbation.  
He showed, referring to the nut again,  
How unlike the one that holds the human  
brain;  
Most obscene item in the whole Creation.

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

IN later years I passed along the trail of bygone  
days,

Now grassy grown, a branch line of the rush.  
I wandered in the pathless woods and out by  
camping bays,  
Passing old abandoned shafts throughout the  
bush.

Along this trail of memories where Fortune led  
us on,

There were relics of the bunch who lost or won.  
Amongst the newly-grown shrub the autumn sun-  
light shone  
On olden, roofless shacks whose day is done.

All down the ridge I wandered on by marks of  
many finds,

Until a clearing opened out ahead;  
And there another cabin with its shady group of  
pines  
Stood out against the foliage gold and red.

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

I tapped upon the old, warped door; no voices  
rang inside.

A ghostly knocking echoed through the room;  
There was no invitation to come in and warm  
your hide.

Without the bid I passed into the gloom.

I stumbled on a dishpan and a blackened bean-  
pot slid,

And to other resting-places made its way;  
I opened up a window covered by a soapbox lid,  
As on a mystery shed the light of day.

Upon a three-legged table were rusty forks and  
cans,

The ancient corner bunks were falling in;  
Across their mildewed mattresses were plates and  
frying-pans,

Some sample rocks and bottles in a tin.

Amongst old junk and magazines upon the wet,  
sprung floor,

A streak of soot passed o'er from left to right;  
It traced a sort of cycloid right out the kitchen  
door,

Left by some helpless stovepipe in its flight.

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

There were ashes in the kitchen where the old  
triangle rung;

The interior was done in browns and greys;  
Tar paper like stalactites from the rusty ceiling  
hung,

'Round the table of the nights of silver days.

And there inside the mud-chinked door a painted  
board hung down,

Some self-made expert's shingle or a sign?

I turned it up and left it for the tourist out from  
town;

You can see it, and it reads "The Baron Mine."

## THE CON'S CONFESSION

WE earned no living, just came to secure  
The ill-starred cash of rich and poor,  
Through long-named stones, and here and there  
Built Trout Lake Smelters in the air.

Just up the track there's a landmark shown,  
The spot whence a silvery bird had flown;  
Likewise we flew from the rock and pine  
To the palms of the restful Argentine.

We first went north for a timber berth;  
But later found it wasn't worth  
What we first thought, so arranged to lease  
One half and kept the other piece.

Next thing we knew there was silver found,  
And thought it ran right through our ground.  
You could sell anything for a claim those days,  
And we got tied up a dozen ways.

## THE CON'S CONFESSION

A simple freeze-out followed, and  
We lost all title to the land.  
The bunch that stung us all went broke  
On ground that assayed thousands. Joke.

Our intentions were fine but didn't make good.  
Then, again, we've been misunderstood.  
It happened like this: We met the bunch,  
Who asked us into town for lunch.

These fellows had stood up so straight  
That they leaned over backwards. Fate  
Had foiled them when they used the mails,  
And everybody hit the trails.

The complications were of such  
A nature that 'twas best to clutch  
The cash in hand, forget ground floors,  
And tour away to alien shores.

We got one scare at a big hotel  
From the looks of a guy in the next room. Well,  
No one was to move or open his mouth—  
'Twas only a bank clerk tearing south.

## THE CON'S CONFESSION

The farmers banked on silver pure,  
Then the world got wise to the Keeley Cure;  
An ill wind arose, was the next we heard,  
And blew down the nest of another Bird.

We stayed down there and blew our wads,  
And met with more financial gods,  
Until things came around to par;  
Then took a chance, and here we are.

You've a land up north that can't be matched,  
And the best of all, it's hardly scratched.  
There are diamonds there (which is talking  
some),  
Including hints of radium.

We are always on for all big schemes,  
And often make success of dreams.  
We have con-nections around the world;  
Each page of our cable code is curled.

'Twas ever thus—that same old ruse—  
Heads I win and tailings you lose.  
It's true the world wouldn't go at all  
If it wasn't for mining folderol.



## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

THERE was a young fellow named Wooster  
Who listened too much to a booster;  
    He jumped a good job,  
    And now has to rob,  
'Cause he don't get the salary he uster.

A guy who camped back of the station,  
Found a fault with a good indication;  
    Two wise men from the east  
    Got him soused at a feast,  
And got the inside information.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was a young fellow named Duckett,  
Ran a shop better known as a "bucket";  
    The detectives were on,  
    And ere he was gone,  
They wondered however he stuck it.

A young engineer up in Slawshum  
Found some nuggets and started to wash 'em;  
    By the time he had learned  
    To sluice the right current,  
The tailings had piled right across him.

There was a young fellow in hiding,  
Who changed his location by riding  
    On a brake-beam and slept.  
    When he woke, out he crept,  
'Cause the freight-car was left on a siding.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There is a dark fellow called Skinny,  
Who goes in the hole every penny;  
    The best of his schemes  
    Coincide with his dreams,  
Affording amusement to many.

There was a prodigious dream-shaper  
Who invented a novel fly-paper;  
    His fortune is due,  
    And his girl won't come through,  
And now he is out as a scraper.

There was a young man. To his sorrow  
He was always insuring to-morrow;  
    Through a rift in the smoke  
    He saw he was broke,  
'Cause the place had gone off like Gomorrah.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

They tell of a wise subdivider  
Who extended the townsite much wider.  
    The girl he took home  
    Lived away 'cross the loam,  
And he walked that much longer beside her.

A fellow who never-would-try-it,  
Knocked Capital, used to decry it.  
    When he found a good claim,  
    Straightaway in he came  
To get Capitalism to buy it.

There was a young fellow from college  
With a string of gold medals for knowledge;  
    The metal therein  
    He pawned to begin,  
To get on a line of bread haulage.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was a fat brewer named Sliver  
Who had a moonshine up the river.  
    Someone said, "Put her here,  
    Life's worth living on beer";  
But that all depends on the liver.

There was a society fellah  
Who rushed a fat heiress named Stella;  
    The silly young chap  
    Let her sit on his lap,  
And she tumbled right through to the cella.

There was a young fellow went beany  
All over a fake of a queeny;  
    He made several calls,  
    And they went to the balls,  
And he wound up a deal with a sheeny.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was an idealist so string-beaned,  
Tried to steer busy men the way he leaned;  
    He'd no troubles nor cares,  
    Never craved gold nor shares;  
But they found he was simply a dope fiend.

A socialist said that his portion  
He'd divide amongst all. When a fortune  
    Came to him through an aunt,  
    He skipped on a slant,  
And sought a new life and a short 'un.

There was a young suffragette guesser,  
And a little wee mouse to distress her;  
    She cut the bomb strings  
    And grabbed for her things,  
And was found up on top of a dresser.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

A moralist, somewhat a fumer,  
Noted wrong in all things, loved a rumor;  
    If someone made a break  
    She a meaning would take,  
Displaying a fine sense of humor.

There was a young writer so funny  
That he got out his books by the ton. He  
    Wrote novels on vice,  
    They were nasty, but nice.  
Now what a queer way to earn money!

There was a young lady whose mission  
Was regarding all men with suspicion;  
    She kept airing her views  
    About ethical dues;  
Now she's an old maid with ambition.

## TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

An old fossil hunter named Horace  
Had a shack of queer things from the forest;  
    O'er the door was a bone  
    Of an animal known  
As a palæogigantosaurus.

There was a smooth sort of a troller  
Who posed through the west as an oiler;  
    The bull-wheel got stuck,  
    And a rope ran amuck,  
And he lit on the top of the boiler.













